

The Musical World.

PUBLISHED EVERY FRIDAY NIGHT.

A RECORD OF MUSIC, THE DRAMA, LITERATURE, FINE ARTS, FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE, &c.

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HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.

MR. BALFE retains his post as Musical Director at Her Majesty's Theatre. This announcement will, we are sure, be heard with general satisfaction, and may serve to set at rest all doubts, conjectures, guesses, and speculations on the subject.

Mr. Sims Reeves is secured for the season, as one of the first tenors of the establishment. The engagement was settled on Tuesday. Another wise step.

Carlotta Grisi has been here for some days, and is already engaged in the rehearsal of a new *ballet*, by M. Paul Taglioni, which will be produced on the opening night.

BEETHOVEN QUARTET SOCIETY.

WE announced last week that Mr. Rousselot had determined upon the renewal of these interesting meetings during the present season. His arrangements are now complete. The quartet will consist of Ernst, Cooper, Hill, and Rousselot. The three first meetings will be confined exclusively to the works of Beethoven. The three last will include specimens from other masters.

M. Stephen Heller, the celebrated pianist and composer, will play the grand trio in D major at the first concert.

With the liberality and truly artistic feeling which have ever distinguished Ernst, that eminent violinist, who will lead at the six concerts, has entirely forgone his terms, depending upon the success of the undertaking for his chance of remuneration. We are pleased to hear that the subscriptions are already nearly full.

A NEW MUSICAL CELEBRITY.

The *Athenæum* has found out a new musical genius, and makes public its discovery in sentences short and mysterious as the enigmas proposed by the Sphinx to the devoted inhabitants of Thebes. Without pretending to the sagacity of *Œdipus*, and without aspiring to the reward that awaited him who unravelled the meaning of the monster's riddles, we are ready to offer a solution of the problem. The *Liverpool Journal* has published the following:—

"Towards the latter end of the past year the name of Mr. Silas, a young artist of Amsterdam, was mentioned to Mr. W. Sudlow, the honorary secretary of the Philharmonic Society, by a resident Dutch gentleman of this town. So exceedingly strong were the terms of eulogy in which the young musician's name was introduced, both as a composer and pianist, that Mr. Sudlow hesitated even to hope that so rare a jewel was to be picked up within the dykes of the Dutch capital. A short time since, however, a series of five *romances* in MSS., the composition of Mr. Silas, came into the hands of Mr. Sudlow through the agency of the gentleman alluded to. After a careful examination of these compositions, Mr. Sudlow, himself an amateur of refined taste, and an acknowledged high authority and impartial judge in such matters, now pronounces them to be equal to the best compositions of Mendelssohn in the same style. They are written in a somewhat similar form to the

great *maestro's* *lieder ohne worte*, and are shortly to be published, we believe, under the auspices of the Philharmonic Society. An engagement to appear at an instrumental concert on the 9th of April, being the third in the subscription, has been forwarded to Mr. Silas, at Amsterdam, and accepted by that gentleman. He is to arrive here a fortnight previous to the concert to superintend the rehearsal of a MS. overture, also his own composition, and which he will conduct. At this concert his power of extemporizing upon a given theme will be tested in the presence of the audience. It will be seen by the annexed translated extract from an elaborate critique which appeared in the *Handelsblad* (Amsterdam newspaper) of the 24th December last, that he possesses wonderful facility in this respect, and is otherwise a fertile and promising genius. In giving the following extract, we may premise that the Amsterdam criticism is not to be classed with the inflated *feuilletons* issued by the Paris press:—"At a concert given at the Felix Meritis, on the 21st instant, a young pianist, Mr. E. Silas, a native of this town, made his *début*, and produced a sensation which for a long time has not been equalled. He played a concerto of his own composition, which for depth of conception and elegance of style may be placed at the side of any of the principal composers of our time. Its execution was a perfect model of all we could wish to hear, and was received by a crowded audience of the first families in this town with rapturous applause; but the enthusiasm was at its height when, on being recalled, he extemporized on a theme given to him by an eminent professor present in such a wonderful manner that the delighted audience could not rest satisfied without giving him an unanimous and enthusiastic third recall to continue, which he did on another melody. Indeed we cannot find words sufficiently strong to express the admiration we felt, and which seemed to prevail with every one present. The orchestra also executed an overture of his composition, which showed equal merit, and gave evidence of what may be expected from so accomplished a musician. He received his principal education in Germany, and finished at the Conservatoire de Musique, in Paris, where he gained, last month, the first prize for a performance on the organ."

We venture to guess that the new musical genius, pulled out of the depths of obscurity by the rod and line of the cunning fisherman of the *Athenæum*, is no other than Mr. Silas the Dutchman.

Although our contemporary has not absolutely delivered his enigma in the words of the Sphinx, his hints have been disclosed in such vague phraseology that we shall not be doing him injustice in thus translating his hieroglyphs:—

What musician in the morning walks upon four feet, in the noon upon two, and in the evening upon three?

SOLUTION.—Mr. Silas in the morning of life walked upon his hands and his feet. Mr. Silas, in the noon or manhood of life, walks upon his two feet. Mr. Silas, in the evening or decline of life, will in human possibility walk with the aid of a stick. **Answer**—MR. SILAS.

As we have no desire that the *Athenæum*, mortified at this early divulgement of his secret, should dash his head against the rocks and perish, like his predecessor Sphinx, we will let him off the penalty in consideration of our own indemnity from another—that of becoming Kings by marrying our own mothers; whereby we shall be spared the pains of putting out our own eyes and the shame of expatriation at the hands of our own offspring.

The *Athenæum* may now speak out about Mr. Silas, without let or hindrance.

50.4.20

STEPHEN HELLER.

(Continued from our last.)

BEFORE proceeding to the next number of Messrs. Wessel's collection, it will be as well to state a few particulars which we have been enabled to obtain in relation to those compositions of M. Stephen Heller not comprised in the publications of that enterprising firm.

Ops. 1 to 6, of the works of M. Heller, consist of sundry *Airs Variés*, the themes selected from popular operas, and the whole of which were composed between the ages of twelve and fifteen. From a glance at these effusions we come to the conclusion, that, although not without considerable promise and a certain feeling of originality, they do not evince any decided indications of that peculiar and distinguished talent, which was later evinced by the composer. They should, nevertheless, be included, if possible, in every complete collection of M. Heller's works, as illustrating a particular point in the progress of his talent as a pianist and composer.

Op. 7 consists of Three Impromptus, in which the originality hinted at in the *Airs Variés* is further and happily developed. In these pieces a boldness of progression is occasionally evinced, not observable in the previous works.

Op. 8, is a *Scherzo*. Here already the deep sentiment and largeness of outline which subsequently became prominent characteristics in the style of M. Heller, are strongly shadowed forth.

But the first remarkable effort of M. Heller's genius is incontestably the sonata, Op. 9 (*Première Sonate, pour piano seul*), in which the style of the young composer exhibits a complete and unexpected transformation. What was before merely hinted at, and regarded by the critics as a momentary caprice of the fancy, becomes a prominent feature. The evidence of a recent and enthusiastic study of the works of Beethoven and other great masters is too positive to admit of doubt. The ideas, formerly treated with the minute elaboration of a *petit maitre*, are clearer, simpler, and made to depend more often on their unadorned simplicity. The outlines become wider, and at the same time more consistent, while the general style evinces a feeling of decision which is not impaired even by the profuse manual difficulties that spring from the young writer's unlimited command of the instrument. Altogether this sonata is a work of high interest, as containing the seeds of those peculiarities which have since become such attractive characteristics in M. Heller's manner.

Ops. 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, and 15 seem to have been written to order. M. Heller's fame had by this time reached Paris, and his music was already considered a marketable commodity by the publishers of that *soi-disant* centre of modern civilisation. The influence of Paris upon M. Heller was what the influence of Paris has invariably been upon all young composers when they have first experienced it,—deleterious and abasing. We can, indeed, see little in these works beyond a certain readiness in appealing to what is styled so complacently the "popular" taste. They are easy and sometimes elegant, but there is nothing in them that any one capable of writing with facility might not have written with facility. They obtained much popularity, however, and for a time their vogue acted as a check upon the original genius of the composer, who did not emancipate himself from the dangerous position in which he stood, until "one fine morning" he produced the *Art de Phraser*, 24 *Etudes*, op. 16, one of the most charming and ingenious of his earlier works. But this collection of

studies is too deserving of serious attention to be dismissed in the brief space we are at present enabled to afford.

(To be continued.)

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.

THE directors have issued their prospectus for the approaching campaign. The Royal Italian Opera will open for the fourth season, on Saturday, the 16th instant, with an Italian version of *Der Freischütz*, to be entitled *Il Franco Arciere*. The *Free Archer* was, we believe, one of the many titles intended for the piece by the author of the book previous to its present designation having been fixed upon.

The company differs materially from that of last year. Many of the old names will be recognised with pleasure; some of the omissions will be heard with regret.

The sopranis are Grisi, Castellan, Madlle. Vera, and Pauline Garcia.

Three of these are too well known to demand a moment's consideration. Madlle. Vera will make her first appearance at the Royal Italian Opera. The season before last she played at Her Majesty's Theatre, but was then a mere novice. She is young, and is, we learn, greatly improved. Her late success in Paris, according to the Journals, was undeniable. If she prove but half as good as is reported she will do. We question much, however, whether she can satisfactorily supply the place of Madlle. Corbani, whom we, like many others, have always considered the very best of *seconde donne*.

The *contraltis* are Madlles. de Meric and d'Okolski. This looks as if the directors this year intended to shelve *Semiramide*, *Donna del Lago*, and other operas in which the *contralto* holds a prominent position. Madlle. de Meric has a charming voice, but she is yet too young and inexperienced for the great parts of such dramatic singers as Alboni and Angri. She will, no doubt, however, fill very satisfactorily parts of less superior importance, and in the mean time we must hope for the best.

Of Madlle. d'Okolski we know nothing further than she is English and married to a Pole; and even of this we are not certain. She may be merely a namesake of the lady we have heard of.

The list of tenors differs materially from that of last year. Mario remains. The Royal Italian Opera could not well do without Mario. Salvi is omitted. The Royal Italian Opera may flourish without Signor Salvi. Sims Reeves has gone over to the opposite house. But, in revenge, Luigi Mei, Soldi, and Lavia are faithful to their posts. These artists are all very useful in their way.

Two new tenors supply the places of Salvi and Sims Reeves. Signor Enrico Maralti is from the Theatre La Fenice, in Venice. He makes his first appearance in this country, and his *début* in Max in *Der Freischütz*. Of Signor Enrico Maralti we know nothing; but he must be a good singer and actor to perform so arduous a part as that of the hero in Weber's opera effectively.

Signor Tamberlik, the other new tenor, is an importation from the San Carlos at Naples, and the grand opera at Barcelona. He, too, makes his first appearance in this country. Of Signor Tamberlik we have heard most promising accounts, and we shall not be surprised if he turns up a trump card.

The basses are stronger and more efficient than ever. The old hands are Tamburini, Massol, Ronconi, Tagliafico,

Polonini, Rommi, and Rache. The additions are Formes and Zelger.

The re-engagement of Ronconi will prove a source of high gratification to the subscribers and the public. Herr Formes's engagement will also be hailed with general satisfaction. The great German *basso* will appear in all his principal parts, including, among others, Caspar, Leporello, Marcel, and Mosé.

M. Zelger comes from the Académie Royale and from the operas of Brussels and Ghent, and will be remembered as the Marcel of the Brussels company at Drury Lane when the *Huguenots* was first produced in this country. He performed the leading bass parts in the French operatic company, at the St. James's Theatre, at the latter end of last season. Thus much for the vocal troupe.

The band, chorus, and conductor are the same as heretofore, with two slight exceptions—Mr. Platt resigns the post of first horn into the hands of Mr. C. Harper, and Mr. Thomas will be succeeded by Mr. G. Cooper among the first violins.

A list of eight operas are given, five of which will be produced for the first time at the Royal Italian Opera. The eight operas are *Der Freischütz* (Weber), *Guido e Ginevra* and *La Juive* (Halévy), *Parisina* (Donizetti), *Fidelio* (Beethoven), *Iphigenia in Tauris* (Glück), *Il Bravo* (Mercadante), and *Mosé in Egitto* (Rossini).

Meyerbeer's *Prophète* will, of course, form one of the most attractive features of the season. Its productions last year was, from unavoidable circumstances, postponed to the end of the season, and the opera could only be performed ten times. "It may therefore be regarded," says the prospectus, "as a new opera." In fact, those few representations have served merely to whet the public appetite about Meyerbeer's new *chef d'œuvre*.

The cast of *Der Freischütz* for the opening night will include Madame Castellan and Mademoiselle Vera (sopranos), Signors Enrico Marali and Luigi Mei (tenors), M. Massol (barytone), M. Zelger and Herr Formes (basses). Caspar is one of the greatest parts of Herr Formes.

The entire management of the theatre, before and behind the curtain, is in the hands of Mr. Frederick Gye.

The whole of the musical arrangements will be as heretofore under the direction of Mr. Costa.

The *ballet* will continue to be confined to *divertissements* incidental to the operas.

ERNST AT MANCHESTER.

[In an article on the first classical chamber concert of Ernst and Hallé, the *Manchester Examiner* has so justly appreciated the merits of the German violinist that we have much pleasure in transcribing an extract into our own pages.—ED. M. W.]

The first of four chamber concerts announced by the two eminent artists, Herr Ernst and Herr Hallé, took place on Thursday evening, at the Assembly Rooms. A more agreeable musical evening could scarcely be imagined. Ernst has no rival in power of tone, depth of expression, or brilliancy of fingering—he is a true artist in every sense of the term, and carries with him the sympathies of his audience, be it a popular or a learned one. His playing possesses a character which has truth for its foundation; there is a meaning in all he executes; a story is told, or a feeling expressed, in a manner that cannot be misunderstood: he is really the poet of his instrument, uttering a language peculiarly his own. His execution, however brilliant and extraordinary in the accomplishment of difficulties, is at all times forcibly marked, defining the melody

or strain which runs through the elaborate ornament with a clearness that keeps up attention to the subject, where others of less talent and genius would only bewilder. Take for instance the "Allegro energico" in the "Grand Trio" by Mendelssohn, where the wild energy seemed to inspire and hurry him along with its impetuosity, yet the outline was never lost in the midst of the gorgeous colouring with which the subject is overlaid. The fine feeling thrown into the "Andante espressivo" of the same trio, tremulous in its intensity, was never excelled even by the master to whom all superiority is now referred. Herr Hallé and Herr Lidel were not behind the leader in this beautiful musical feature; we may say, without exaggeration, that both exhibited the highest feeling for their art. Perhaps a still greater treat was the Beethoven "Sonata," so exquisite in melody, so full of eccentric and brilliant fancy;—the character of the work was admirably sustained by Ernst and Hallé, the latter surpassing himself,—the *adagio* might be called the perfection of playing. The quartet in which Messrs. Seymour and Baetens were engaged, is perhaps of too erudite a character to meet with general appreciation, but it is a splendid composition, and found executants who fully comprehended its meaning. Three pleasing trifles, entitled "Pensées Fugitives," the joint composition of Stephen Heller—who, by the way, is now in London—and Ernst, concluded a performance of instrumental music such, we venture to say, as Manchester before has scarcely witnessed. The second of these interesting meetings is fixed for Thursday, the 7th of next month.

ZINGARELLI AND ROSSINI.

THE following edifying anecdote, extracted from a book called *Memoranda of a Musician*, has been going the round of the provincial papers, who, like ourselves, it would appear, have an abstract reverence for copy.

ZINGARELLI.—On one of Rossini's visits to the Conservatorio at Naples, the seminary of the world's greatest musicians, he is said to have rather abruptly demanded of Zingarelli, that master's opinion of his music. "Sir," replied the director, with his accustomed frankness, which did honor to him, "your music may please at the theatre, but it will never do at our schools. I have, therefore, considered it my duty to forbid your scores being placed in the hands of my pupils." Rossini carried this rebuke off with a laugh, but he was evidently mortified.—*Memoranda of a Musician*.

That the music of the composer of *Il Barbiere* and *Guillaume Tell*, was not considered good enough for the *Conservatorio* at Naples, we may believe, on the oath of an honest historian; but that such being the case, the pupils of so severe an academy should be satisfied to gather precepts and examples from the meagre scores of the author of *Romeo and Giulietta*, we cannot believe, on the oath of any historian whatever. A carefully drawn comparison between Zingarelli and Rossini would, we imagine, make the former look even smaller than he appears from the evidence of that precious opera, of which the last act is considered so dull, even by the Italians, that an act from the weakest opera of Vaccaj is invariably substituted when it is performed.

CARLOTTA CRISI AT DUBLIN.

(From a Correspondent.)

I HAVE not written you since Jullien was here, with Jetty Treffz. I have had no theme. It was not easy to get rid of

the impression produced by Jetty. Nor have I rid myself of that impression. Nor do I wish to rid myself of that impression. But I have been newly delighted. I have been newly impressed. Carlotta Grisi, with her wings of light, has been floating in the midst of us.

Carlotta was expected in Dublin on the 5th ult. But a tempest arose, and forbade her crossing the seas. She remained 24 hours at Holyhead. Holyhead is a dull place. Carlotta rested at the hotel with her wings folded, like a golden insect hiding from the wind and rain, under the protecting shadow of a leaf. At length the clouds dispersed, the storm fled, the winds were dumb and the sun rode out in the skies. He smote the sea with his beams, and the waves danced with delight. He kissed the hills with his light, and the shadows ran away. The plains were bare, except where the trees and the hedges cast a gentle darkness upon the grass—a darkness which was light mellowed into softness. And Carlotta came over, on the waters, while the storm fled far away to the south, till at last only his skirts were seen, and after that nothing. He had dived under the ocean that flows beyond the horizon.

Carlotta arrived on the 7th, and, after two days of rest, and two days of rehearsing, she appeared at Mr. Calcraft's Theatre Royal. The ballet was the *Filleule des Fées*, a French ballet. It is a tale of enchantment. An old fairy is refused a seat at a birth-feast, on the pretext of "no more room." All the other fairies are hospitably entertained. Each fairy bestows on the newly-born child some precious gift. Angered at the slight paid to her power, the rejected fairy inflicts a malediction which nullifies the blessings of her sisters. The action of the ballet is the development of the antagonistic fairy influences, and the ultimate triumph of the good over the evil.

Carlotta was the god-daughter of the fairies. She looked like an ethereal thing, and as she glided along the scene, amidst the plaudits of her entranced beholders, she seemed as though she had never touched earth, but, like the sky-lark, scorned the ground.

"Thou scorner of the ground."—SHELLEY.

All that I had seen of dancing was nothing—absolutely nothing—to Carlotta's. On this occasion she flew, on unseen wings, as though the air were lighter than herself, and bounded as though it would persist in snatching her from the ground, every time her feet touched it, jealous of so dear a burden. She floated like an unrooted narcissus upon the bosom of a swiftly-running stream. I know not the technicalities of her fascinating art. I never danced in my life, not even on my wedding-day; but the sight of Carlotta, dancing as though to dance were to live and love together, produced so powerful an effect that my feet moved in spite of me. I never was more touched by an exhibition of mimetic art. But the art was so concealed that it was very nature that sparkled before my eyes, like a star too beautiful to be near. The audience applauded to the echo at the end of each of the variations, every one of which was more graceful, more wonderful, than the last. Yet while Carlotta danced the universal breath was suspended, and had it been possible, one could have heard the motions of her noiseless feet. But as well might you listen to catch the sound of a butterfly's wings. Carlotta's feet, which twinkle till the eye is dazzled, emit no sound but a visible music. They fall to the earth as silently as the snow.

The success of the ballet—that is of Carlotta, for Carlotta was the ballet—was prodigious. It was repeated on the 12th, the 14th, and the 16th, and on each occasion the enthusiasm went on increasing.

On the 18th, the *Diable à Quatre* was the ballet. Carlotta's mazurka has been too often and too glowingly described by one of your excellent critics of the Italian Opera, for me to think of attempting a word in illustration of what I felt on seeing it. A more natural and enchanting impersonation I never witnessed. It was not merely dancing, but acting through the medium of dumb gestures, which equalled the highest eloquence of language.

On the 19th the incomparable danseuse took her benefit, and her leave of the Dublin public, among whom I am proud to say she numbers as many admirers as there are play-goers. The first act of the *Diable* and the first act of the *Filleule* were represented, besides two charming *Pas de Deux*—the *Manola* and the *Syrien*. Carlotta was in high spirits throughout the evening, and danced to perfection. She was applauded till the audience was tired of applauding and she acknowledging their favours. The whole evening was a triumph of agility, grace, and exquisite finesse on the part of the danseuse, and a triumph of heartiest enthusiasm on that of her beholders. Prince George of Cambridge, Col. Macdonald, and all the *élite* of Dublin were present.

I must not forget to mention in terms of high praise the dancing and acting of Mdlle. James and M. Silvain in the ballets. The lady is a gentle modest-looking girl whose very appearance is in her favor, to say nothing of her talent which is graceful and *distingué*. In the *Filleule* she played the principal Fairy, and in the *Diable à Quatre*, the Countess. She was excellent in both. The gentleman is a countryman of ours, an Irishman who has known how to make himself famous on the continent. M. Silvain is a dancer of strength, agility, and ease. His deportment is manly and prepossessing, and the practised artist is evident in all he attempts. A better or more natural representation of Mazurki, the basket maker, could not have been desired.

Carlotta's stay at Dublin has, as usual, been a round of *fêtes*. When not practising or rehearsing at the theatre she was seeing "sights," and when not seeing "sights" she was practising or rehearsing at the theatre. Carlotta is never idle. To stand still is, with her, impossible. She is a living and a lovely illustration of perpetual motion. She went to the Queen's Theatre, to see the officers play the comedy of *Charles II.*, for the benefit of the poor. A box was placed at her disposal, by the managing committee of the performance. She went to the Phoenix Park, in an open car, and narrowly escaped being overturned. The crazy vehicle, driven by a crazy coachman, and drawn by a crazy quadruped, jolted and jolted, till out fell poor Silvain and Mr. Levy, the clever leader of our Theatre and Philharmonic bands, *nez en avant*. These were Carlotta's companions. Had Carlotta fallen out she would have floated. The caressing air would have grugged the earth the pleasure of supporting her.

There was also a charming pic-nic, of which Carlotta was the life and soul. You know the County Wicklow. Well, the pic-nic was not in the County Wicklow, but on the way to it, a few miles past the atmospheric rail-road, near the sea-shore. The house at which she stopped was kept by three sisters—peasants, but such models of cleanliness that Carlotta will never henceforth believe in Irish dirt. It was well furnished and prettily situated. But the provisions being scanty, the guests had to send for eight pennyworth of whiskey, two pennyworth of cheese, and one pennyworth of what in courtesy shall be termed sugar. Carlotta paid for every thing, being the only one in the party who had not forgotten her purse. The fine weather, the pleasant prospect, the good but simple cheer, the rich brogue and racy talk of one of the

sisters—which made Carlotta laugh till the tears came in her eyes—caused every thing to pass off delightfully. A pleasanter day was never spent. Mind I did not say that I was present; so do not jump too readily to that conclusion.

On the 20th Carlotta left Dublin. We—that is I, and some more of her Irish adorers—accompanied her (unknown to herself) as far as the boat, which sailed swiftly from Kingston Harbour and was soon lost in the outskirts of magnificent Dublin Bay. I and my companions stood gazing, till nothing but a speck was visible. At last the speck vanished, and there was nothing but the broad sea, with one white skiff upon its bosom. But that skiff did not contain Carlotta, and so we left off gazing. The sky then became less and less clear. At length dark clouds came from the west, and lowered above our heads, till the sun's light was quenched. The rain came down, the wind rose and smote the waters, the billows writhed in dismay, and the heavens were black. Though persuaded that this was nothing but a storm which, angry at the departure of Carlotta, had left its home in the hills to wreak its ill-humour upon the innocent fishermen of the coasts, and that "our own Giselle" was still sailing along in smooth water, under the protection of a loving sun, our spirits were a little dashed by the grumbling of the elements, and we returned home by the railroad, melancholy enough. It was not till the third tumbler of whiskey "toddy" had been quaffed to the health of Carlotta, and her speedy return to "Old Ireland," that we were quite ourselves again.

JAKUES.

MR. BUNN ON THE STAGE.

A crowded and fashionable audience attended the St. James's Theatre, on Tuesday evening, to hear the long announced "literary and dramatic monologue," to be delivered by Mr. Bunn, the popular lessee of Drury Lane Theatre. Mr. Bunn was received on his entrance with the heartiest applause. Such a reception plainly indicated that the manager of old Drury was still in as high favour as ever with the public. Mr. Bunn appeared deeply sensible of the warm reception he obtained, and returned his select but significant acknowledgments accordingly. The audience was applauding lustily, and the lecturer bowing graciously, for several minutes.

Mr. Bunn commenced his monologue with an introduction, in which he very modestly set forth his own claims to public consideration. He who had so often put words into others' mouths, by which they had gained a livelihood and a name, was now about to present himself before the public with the hope of ensuring something of the same kind for himself.

The introduction passed, Mr. Bunn took a rapid view of the stage, from its earliest time to the present—from the epoch of Thespis the Attican down to Morton the Box-and-Coxican. The audience were treated to some amusing and interesting anecdotes *à propos* of the subject. But the most pleasing and instructive part of the lecture was that relating to the birth, genius, and time of Shakspeare. Here Mr. Bunn put forth all his strength, and became unusually elevated in his rhetoric. The details of the poet's early days were given in a satisfactory manner, and several particulars of his latter days were touched upon. These were illustrated by a series of admirably-painted pictures, representing in succession—"The Exterior of Shakspeare's Birthplace"—"The Interior of the same"—"Anne Hathaway's Cottage"—"The Blackfriars Theatre"—"The Globe Theatre"—"Shakspeare's Last Residence"—"Church of Stratford-on-Avon," and

"Shakspeare's Monument." All this part was highly interesting, and was received by the audience with due appreciation.

Mr. Bunn next alluded to the conflicting opinions regarding Shakspeare, and rendered a very amusing account of the multifarious callings which had been attributed to him by his biographers and commentators. The actors next came under Mr. Bunn's animadversions, but he was very gentle with them, and pointed out their faults with a tender hand. Garrick is evidently Mr. Bunn's dramatic idol. We confess he is none of ours. While we subscribe to his undeniable talents as an actor, his profane alterations of Hamlet and Lear renders him odious in our eyes. The first part of the lecture concluded with examples of various readings of Shakspeare, which were curious and laughable.

Mr. Bunn was enthusiastically recalled at the end of the first part.

The second part was devoted to a miscellaneum. It commenced with a reference to the interdiction of stage entertainment in the time of the Protectorate. Mr. Bunn amused his hearers much with a succinct account of Prynne's "Histriomatrix," and reading the title-page therefrom. He interspersed this part of his discourse with some shrewd remarks on the old writers; and was very happy in his quotations and anecdotes. The different schools of acting were descanted on with a freedom which showed that the speaker had his own peculiar notions of histrionic excellence.

A few minutes were devoted to the "duties of a manager," in which Mr. Bunn proved satisfactorily that the blame which attached to him, in his management of Drury Lane, for not upholding the legitimate drama, must fall upon the public who would not support it. And this we always felt assured was the case. Mr. Bunn upheld Shakspeare, until the public grew wearied of him. Mr. Bunn perceived that a taste for novelty and spectacle was prevalent, and would be gratified, and accordingly he provided novelty and spectacle. Mr. Bunn, finally, perceived that a taste for music was springing up in the minds of the public, and springing up so fast as to threaten to uproot all other passions for amusement, and straightway he converted Drury Lane into an opera-house. Mr. Bunn was perfectly justified in doing so. A good manager, he was endeavouring to please the many;—a politic manager, he was striving to put money in his own purse.

The discourse finished with an expression of a fervent hope for, and a firm belief in, the regeneration of the stage. We fervently hope Mr. Bunn may live to see it.

MUSIC AT BOULOGNE-SUR-MER.

(From our own Correspondent.)

AFTER a passage as smooth as the most fastidious amateur sailor could wish, I landed just in time to hear Madame Montenegro, who has been here, crowned with English laurels, to give a few representations to the good people of Boulogne. The present performance was her last. In consequence of Montelli not having arrived from England, the opera of the *Barbiere* was changed for that of *Lucrezia Borgia*, and the last act of the *Favorita*. The tragic powers of Madame Montenegro are shown to considerable advantage in the *Lucrezia Borgia*. Her acting and singing are really admirable. I think her voice has more power than when last I heard her, which is now some months since, in England. Madame Santiago, the contralto, received a hearty encore in Alboni's popular air, "Il secreto per esser felice." Santiago has materially improved. When he first sung in England, he was, compara-

tively speaking, a novice; at present he has gained strength of voice by practice, and his taste is unexceptionable. Bailini, who, when I last saw him, wanted cultivation, has now a powerful voice, which he uses with skill and judgment. The last act of the *Favorita*, by Madame Montenegro and Santiago, created a *furor*. The famous duet was received with deserved applause. Bouquets were liberally distributed to Madame Montenegro from the boxes.

February 28th. *Calais*.—Being *en route* to Paris, and hearing the same party were to sing last night at Calais, I could not resist following them to hear the *Sonnambula*, never having heard Madame Montenegro in Amina, I expected great things, and was not disappointed.

The sensation created by the fair cantatrice in this character, was of the most flattering kind. Her performance was really a display of talent of a high order. Santiago was an excellent Elvino, and sung with taste and feeling. We rarely have seen the Count more effectively represented, out of London or Paris, than by Montelli. The whole opera, indeed, was well performed; and great praise is due to Mons. Hénin, conductor of the orchestra, for the careful manner in which the band and chorus has been trained. The house was crowded, and the principal artistes were loudly called for at the fall of the curtain.

T. E. B.

GIAMBATTISTA ZAPPI.

Quando io men vo' verso l' Ascrea montagna,
Mi si accopia la gloria, al destro fianco,
Ella dà spirti al cor, forza al piè stanco,
E dice, andiam, eh' io ti sard compagna,
Ma per la lunga inospita compagna
Mi si aggiunge l' invidia al lato manco,
E dice; anch' io son teco; al labbro bianco
Veggio il velen, che nel suo cor si stagna,
Che far degg' io? se indietro io volgo i passi
So che invidia mi lassa, e m' abbandonna,
Ma poi fia, che la gloria ancor mi lasci.
Con ambe andar risolve alla suprema
Cima del monte. Una mi dia corona
E l' altri il veggia, e si contorca, e frema.

TRANSLATION.

When to the fair Ascrean heights I climb,
Glory, like some bright star, walks by my side,
My heart she cheers, my feet she stoops to guide,
Onward with me, she cries with voice sublime;
O'er the inhospitable hills we wend,
When at my left foul Envy grimly stands
With pale envenomed lips and blood-stained hands,
And says, I too shall on thy course attend.
What shall I do? If back my steps I trace
Foul Envy leaves me, and I walk alone,
For star-like Glory too, alas! is flown—
Onward with both, and with unflagging zeal,
I'll seek the loftiest heights till Glory grace
My brows, and Envy writhe, and still with torture groan.

SACRED HARMONIC SOCIETY.

HAYDN'S *Creation*, under the direction of Mr. Costa, attracted the usual crowd to Exeter Hall on Friday night, the 22nd ult., and was performed with the usual effect. The vocalists were Miss Birch, Mrs. A. Newton, Mr. Sims Reeves, and Mr. Machin. Herr Formes being indisposed, Mr. Machin took his place at a very short warning, and acquitted himself with the ease of one quite familiar with the music. Miss Birch sang very well, but introduced some irrelevant ornaments in the air, "With verdure clad," which displeased the audience,

who, in several quarters, testified their disapproval audibly. Italian *cadenzas* are unsuited to the simplicity of Haydn's melodies. Mr. Reeves was encored in the tenor air, "In native worth;" and Mrs. A. Newton, who seldom appears at these performances, made so favourable an impression in some of the music that fell to her share (especially in the duet "Graceful consort") that it is likely for the future her services may more frequently be called into request. The choruses all went admirably, except the final one, in which there was a false start, that took some time and pains on the part of the conductor to remedy. Such errors can scarcely be avoided while the English habit of presenting works of magnitude, however well known to the executants, without previous rehearsal, continues.

The *Creation* was repeated last night, with the same performers.

ORIGINAL CORRESPONDENCE.

THE OLDEN CHANTS.

(To the Editor of the Musical World.)

SIR,—There is a misprint in my letter of last week, which I beg your readers to correct. "*In our vulgar Quires*" should stand thus: "*In our regular Quires*."

In addition to the instances I quoted of the use of the phrases found in the olden chants, I should have mentioned the name of Mozart, who has a chant in *Figaro*, and an olden melody in the *Zauberflöte*, which, I believe, was sung in Germany to the "Jesu corona virginum." Beethoven, in his *Benedictus* (Mass in C), uses a beautiful form of one of the olden chants; whilst Weber uses the pure and simple Prayer tone for his Incantation scene in the *Freyschütz*. Mendelssohn, in the chorus, "He that keepeth Israel," adopts a close imitation of the 5th tone, merely inverting the last part of the chant. The commencement of his *Lobpreisang* scarcely need be alluded to.

The chants of the olden church have been sung upwards of 1500 years in the Christian church, and as they are of Oriental birth, it is the opinion of many that they are as ancient as the days of David and Solomon. At all events they work well, for where they are sung, priests sing. I fear no one can prevail on our English priests to sing our Anglican chants.

When we consider that our ordinary speech takes only three tones, and that, without cultivation, few persons have more than five good notes in their voices, the wisdom and philosophy of the ancient system of chanting becomes very clear and apparent. To which may be added the fact, that chanting the psalms seven times a day, unless conducted upon some true and great principle, would have driven many of the singers into their graves. Nor is it probable that the men who were so skilled in architecture, sculpture, painting, and poetry, should have been so ill informed with respect to the laws of elocution and melody.

I am not one of those who defend the mis-shapen things which have so repeatedly been published under the title of Gregorian chants, nor do I wish to appear as an advocate for the barbarous harmonies to which they have been allied. There is much cant aloft in this day with respect to harmonising the chants in their respective tones. I can find nothing of this in great and accredited composers. Handel and Bach did nothing of the kind, and I am quite content to receive and treat them as did Mozart and Beethoven. I presume much of Mr. Monk's indignation has arisen from the unhappy shape and harmony in which this music has been presented to him.

It is undeniable, however, that the attention bestowed on the older gamuts has opened the door to a new structure in composition, and to the revival of forgotten harmonies and bearings of the scale. Perhaps the theory of Vogler brought these things into prominent view, and it is possible his articles led to the change in Beethoven's mode of structure. Look at the symphony in C minor, and at that

in D minor; the turning points are all different; and whilst in the former the older peculiarities are lost sight of, in the latter all their salient characteristics are brought most prominently forward, and form the mode of his progress.

Whilst writing on the subject of Cathedral music, I cannot close this communication without testifying my approval of your animadversions on the misplaced adulation bestowed on Purcell's works, which appeared in one of your late numbers. Henry Purcell was a most extraordinary genius, and, for his day, an admirable harmonist and incomparable contrapuntist. But, sir, people cannot build houses and palaces with mere brick and mortar, iron and wood. Some one must find them a *plan*, an architect must be employed who shall lay down the necessary proportions of the building. The greater portion of our cathedral music seems to me mere brick and mortar—of a good, sound, and excellent character, it may be, but used up without the slightest attention to order or beauty. Henry Purcell killed his school; he did so much with it that none could touch it again with success. But, surely, no man in his senses can compare the mis-shapen and strange house of Purcell to the systematical structures of Handel, or the models of more recent times? I am, sir, your obedient servant,

H. J. GAUNTLETT.

3, Newman Street, 26th February, 1850.

HAYDN'S SYMPHONIES.

(To the Editor of the Musical World.)

SIR,—“A Constant Reader, *Æsculapius*,” is informed, in reply to his enquiry of last week, respecting Haydn's Symphonies, that presuming he means the twelve which are known as Soloman's or the English Symphonies, the best arrangement he could have approaching his desire would be, first, the edition done by Czerny as piano duets (four hands); to this add the arrangement of the symphonies, by J. P. Saloman, as quintets for two violins, flute, tenor, violoncello, and double bass *ad lib.*, and he would have a very effective combination of these glorious old works. I am not aware that any arrangement *precisely* corresponding with *Æsculapius*'s statement exists.

I am, Sir, yours truly,

W. C. HEMMINGS.

Penzance, 25th February, 1850.

P.S. I had hoped that the author of the Essay entitled “Stephen Heller” would, agreeably with your suggestion, have “enlightened” me a little on the remarks I made a week or two since, respecting his criticism of the works of the composer of the great Septuor in D minor, Hummel, as well as Kalkbrenner, and Reissiger, these being neither men of genius nor contributors to the pianoforte, according to his statement. I certainly expected, however, that this gentleman would have brought forward something better in proof of the superior position as a composer of him whose name heads the Essay to those already mentioned, than a few impromptus and other trifles of this sort, and these founded on borrowed melodies too!

[Our Correspondent is in a very great hurry. He really must have patience. The Essay upon Stephen Heller must necessarily appear in fragments. Were we to devote the whole of our pages to it, it would fill nearly a dozen consecutive numbers. We entirely disagree with our Correspondent about the merit of Czerny's arrangements. Beethoven, it is well known, despised them.—*Ed. M. W.*]

TO AMALIA CORBARI.

Oh! I would I were only a spirit of song!

I'd float for ever around, above you;

If I were a spirit, it wouldn't be wrong,

It couldn't be wrong, to love you!

I'd hide in the light of a moonbeam bright,

And sing Love's lullaby softly o'er you;

I'd bring rare visions of pure delight

From the land of dreams before you.

Oh! if I were only a spirit of song,

I'd float for ever around, above you;

For a musical spirit could never do wrong,

And it wouldn't be wrong to love you!

S. O. O.

SOCIETY OF BRITISH MUSICIANS.

THE Fifth Chamber Concert, under the direction of the Committee of this society, took place on Saturday last, in the small room of St. Martin's Hall. The programme was as follows:—

PART I.

Quintet in D, two violins, tenor, violoncello, and contra-basso, Messrs. Blagrove, Watson, R. Blagrove, Lucas, and F. S. Pratten *H. Leslie.*
Duet, “The thorn is white with blossom,” Miss A. and Miss M. Williams *G. A. Macfarren.*
Song, Mr. Frank Bodda.
Song, “The Warrior,” Miss A. Williams; trumpet obligato, Mr. T. Harper *Klose.*
Trio in D minor, Op. 49, pianoforte, violin, and violoncello, Messrs. W. S. Bennett, H. C. Cooper, and Lucas *Mendelssohn.*

PART II.

Quartet in G, Op. 23, two violins, tenor, and violoncello, Messrs. H. C. Cooper, Watson, R. Blagrove, and W. L. Phillips *Mayseder.*
Serenade, “I arise from dreams of thee,” Mr. Williams *A. Mellon.*
Selection from Pianoforte Works, Mr. W. Sterndale Bennett (Lake—Millstream—Fountain) *W. S. Bennett.*
Vocal Quartet, “When the west,” Miss A. and Miss M. Williams, Mr. T. Williams, and Mr. Bodda *Mendelssohn.*
Double Quartet in E, Op. 87, four violins, two tenors, and two violoncellos, Messrs. Blagrove, Watson, R. Blagrove, Lucas, H. C. Cooper, Wheatley, T. Westrop, and Guest *Spohr.*
Accompanist, Mr. Oliver May.
Director : Mr. Alfred Nicholson.

The sixth and last concert takes place to-night.

AMATEUR MUSICAL SOCIETY.

THE following was the programme of the first concert held on Monday evening in the Hanover Square Rooms.

Overture, “Oberon” *Weber.*
March, “Camp of Silesia” *Meyerbeer.*
Glee, “Lovely Night” *Chunatal.*
Glee, “Lutzow's Wild Hunt” *Weber.*
Symphony “No. 7, A” *Beethoven.*
Festival Overture, “MS.” *Benedit.*
Selection, “Lucia di Lammermoor” *Donizetti.*
Overture, “Les deux Aveugles” *Mehul.*
Conductor, Mr. L. Negri.

The amateurs were in great force. The room was fashionably attended, and everything went off with *éclat*.

DRAMATIC INTELLIGENCE.

DRURY LANE.

THE tragedy of *Ion* was revived on Wednesday night, with Mr. Anderson and Mr. Vandenhoff in the principal characters. Mr. Anderson, if we remember rightly, took the part of Ion shortly after the first production of the piece, although it was originally played by Mr. Macready. The youth and extreme gentleness of the young Argive greatly adapt him to a female artist, and hence Miss Ellen Tree probably made the most impression in the part. In Mr. Anderson's declamation there was too much monotony, but the art with which he subdued his naturally masculine manner to an almost feminine mildness is much to be commended. Mr. Vandenhoff was the

original Adrastus, and plays the character admirably; the touches of deep feeling by which the better qualities of the tyrant are revealed to the audience, though concealed from his subjects, being introduced with touching effect, and without sacrifice of the fitful temper of the despot.

HAYMARKET.

Great discernment has been shown by the manager of this house in reviving, one after another, the short dramas of Mr. Douglas Jerrold, which may be looked upon as so many gems in modern theatrical literature. The performance of the *Housekeeper* at Windsor Castle seems first to have directed attention to these works. The *Housekeeper*, witnessed at Court, became once more a stock piece at the Haymarket. A few weeks ago *Nell Gwynne* was revived, and still keeps possession of the stage. On Saturday the *Prisoner of War*, originally produced at Drury Lane in 1842, under Mr. Macready's management, was again brought before a London public.

The *Prisoner of War*, representing the life of the English *débutant* at Verdun, with a pretty domestic story to concentrate the interest, is one of Mr. Jerrold's happiest productions. The language is less studiously epigrammatic than that of *Nell Gwynne*, but it greatly excels that fine specimen of brilliant writing in animation and hilarity. No pains have been spared to produce it with every effect at the Haymarket, nearly the whole strength of the company being employed upon it. Mr. and Mrs. Charles Kean, with a feeling for the common weal that cannot be too highly lauded, have not scrupled to descend from their elevation, the one appearing as the frank, spirited Basil Firebrace, the other as the gentle, contrite Clarina. The Cockney brother and sister, Pallmall and Polly, are played by Mr. and Mrs. Keeley, as on the first production of the piece at Drury Lane. The self-complacent swagger of the gentleman and the true London sentimentality of the lady are perfect, Polly's sobbing perusal of her sweetheart's letter being the *ne plus ultra* of the comical pathetic. The old Admiral Channel was admirably made up, and effectively acted by Mr. Webster, though not with all the pathos of which the part is susceptible. As the midshipman, Tom Heyday, young Mr. Vandenhoff displayed less insipidity than usual. Mr. Selby, who acted Chenille at Drury Lane, gives a gentlemanlike tone to the character, and the fact that a comparatively trivial part like that of Madame La Rose is assigned to so eminent an actress as Mrs. W. Clifford shows the laudable desire of the manager to strengthen the cast in every particular.

The manner in which the piece is put on the stage is not only liberal but remarkable. The personages are all dressed after a peculiar fashion, which has not been revived for many years. The mania for "short waists" is supposed to be at its height, and the dresses of the ladies, while most unbecoming, are excellently characteristic. Mrs. Keeley's short waist and huge bonnet take us back to the caricatures of about forty years ago.

The call for Mr. Webster at the conclusion was a deserved compliment to the able manner in which the piece was produced.

PRINCESS'S.

THE revival of Edward Loder's *Night Dancers*, on Friday night in last week, was eminently successful. This most charming opera, and *chef d'œuvre* of the composer, was first produced in 1846. It ran for a considerable number of nights, and became the popular opera of the day. The music

was in great request, and the barrel organs, in more than usual numbers, dealt it in retail about the streets.

In the original cast, Madame Albertazzi played Giselle; Miss Sara Flower, Bertha; Miss G. Smythson, Mary; Mr. Allen, Albert; Mr. Leffler, Fridolin; Mr. Frank Bodda, the Duke of Silesia; and Miss Marshall, Myrtha, Queen of the Willis. In the distribution of Friday last, Mr. Allen alone retains his original character. Mademoiselle Nau fills the place of Madame Albertazzi; Madame Macfarren of Miss Sara Flower; Mr. H. Corri of Mr. Leffler; Mr. Latter of Mr. Frank Bodda; Mrs. Weiss of Miss G. Smythson; and Mademoiselle Auriol of Miss Marshall. We have our predilection for old faces and old feelings, and cannot help thinking that in the main the original cast was the best. We must, however, make one exception: Madame Macfarren is in every respect superior to Miss Sara Flower.

But whatever the drawbacks to the performance, we have seldom derived more pleasure from hearing an opera than we did on the first night of the revival of the *Night Dancers*. From first to last we were alternately charmed and surprised. The audience were quite as charmed and surprised as ourselves, for they applauded vociferously and encored repeatedly, and recalled everybody; Mr. Edward Loder being honoured with a special summons at the end of the first act. In short, the performance was a series of successes, commencing from the first scene.

When first played, the *Night Dancers* was divided into three parts—an induction and two acts. The induction is now run into act the first. This we consider an improvement, as the induction was too short, and the curtain fell in an unimportant place.

The second act is decidedly the best. The poet has not done as much as he might with the first act, and the composer could not hold off certain heavinesses of situation and incident. Nevertheless, there are abundant beauties in the first act. The trio, "Laugh, my girls," is full of fancy and animation. The serenade from the lake with chorus, which Albert and his companions sing under Giselle's window, is well known. It is extremely graceful and flowing, and is one of the most popular pieces in the opera. Giselle's first song is a highly characteristic bravura, and requires great capabilities in the vocalist. Mr. Loder has written all Giselle's music with great poetic tact. He has infused into it a romantic, almost a superstitious feeling, giving it a somewhat visionary and sombre colouring. This to us is one of the principal charms of the opera, and concurs in rendering the heroine more intensely interesting.

The only objection—an unimportant one—we find to the music in the first act, or, more properly, to the music from the end of the induction to the end of the first act, is, that, with the exception of Giselle's part, it is not so dreamy nor supernatural as that of the second. It may be said that the *willis* appear only in the second act. This is true—but the whole of the action here passes in a dream, and etherealism in the music, we fancy, would not seem out of place. The chorus of villagers is bold and striking, and the concerted piece beginning with the accompanied recitative for Fridolin is admirably dramatic. Some delicious snatches of melody are introduced. The grand scena for Giselle, "I dreamt we stood before the altar," is finely descriptive. We cannot, however, say we much admire the idea of a dream-song being sung in a dream. Albert's pleasing ballad, "I cannot flatter if I would," is too well known to require a word of praise. Mary's bacchanalian song is misplaced: it is not particularly striking. The concerted piece, "A noble train all green and gold," is

all good. We think the finale should have commenced here. There is much extraneous dialogue in this act, which should be cut. The opera would be considerably improved thereby. Fridolin's talk is not always comic, and he has a good deal more to say than is necessary. The finale is constructed with great skill. The duet, "He loves me, loves me not"—the bacchanalian chorus, "Long live our vintage queen"—the dances, especially the waltz—one of the best we know—and the closing prayer, which form portions of the finale, are all excellent.

The second act contains the most beautiful and poetical dramatic writing of the composer. Nothing can be more picturesque and fanciful than the Willis' music. The bright and aerial character of the instrumentation, and the plaintiveness of the melodies, are quite fascinating. Fridolin's best song occurs in this act. "Pretty sprites, where are you hiding?" is deliciously comic. The duet between Albert and Bertha, "Peace to the dead," is extremely graceful and flowing, and is voiced to perfection. This duet was one of the popularities of the opera when first produced. Albert's song, "Wake from the tomb, Giselle," is very charming, and is full of feeling. The music between Giselle and Albert partakes of a quietly passionate character, and is highly effective. The duet, "Thou hast call'd," is perhaps too long. One of the loveliest things in the opera, if not the loveliest, is the morning hymn to the Virgin, "Ave Maria." The rondo finale, "On me crowds such joyous fancies," constitutes a dazzling termination to this most delightful and captivating opera.

Mademoiselle Nau pleased us more in Giselle than in any part she has yet assumed at the Princess's. The brilliant character of the music suits her capabilities and style. She sang with considerable effect, especially the bravura songs.

Mr. Allen was as good as ever in Albert. He always sings like a musician, and always pleases by his style and artistic method.

Madame Macfarren, although she had but a small part to play in Bertha, improved her position considerably with the public. She sang the *morecaux* in the first finale with excellent taste and judgment; and in the second act, in the recitative, "What is the charm dwells in this mournful spot?" and the duet, "Peace to the dead," showed herself a real artiste in skill and feeling. Madame Macfarren was in fine voice during the evening, and made a unanimously favourable impression.

Mr. H. Corri was amusing as Fridolin, and gave the music with better vehemence than expression. His dancing scene with the Willis, and his disappearance in the water amongst the bulrushes, was capitally acted.

Mr. Latter is but a sorry substitute for Mr. Frank Bodda, whom we should like to see once more in his old part.

Mrs. Weiss made the most of the thankless part of Mary; and Mr. Wynn was funnier than usual in Godfrey.

The chorus was good, and the band tolerable. Some of the choruses of the Willis, however, might have gone better. The effect produced at the end of the second act was something unusual. A unanimous call was raised for Mr. Loder, who appeared amid loud and continued cheers.

We have no doubt that *Giselle* will have a second prosperous run.

On Tuesday, a new farce was brought out with very equivocal success. It is called *My Wife shan't Act*, and is but another idea of the *Manager in Distress*, in which certain of the actors go into the front of the house, interrupt the performance, and squabble with each other, endeavouring to make the audience

believe it is all serious. This was all very well when the first piece of the kind was produced, and had the gloss of novelty; but even then it was never highly relished. Had the piece produced on Tuesday been well written, it might have been endured; but it was sad trash, and met the fate it deserved. It was received with more hisses than cheers at the end.

On Thursday, a really good farce was produced. It is called *Hot and Cold*, the terms applying to two portable baths, in which an elderly beau (Mr. J. W. Ray) and his man servant (Mr. Forman) perform their ablutions on a certain morning, when the former is about to be married. When they are immersed in their separate baths, a vindictive lodger, a milliner, (Miss Saunders), smarting under the wrong of a notice to quit, carries off their clothes, and as the two victims are thus rendered fixtures, a difficulty is placed in the way of the wedding. A new torture is inflicted by restoring the clothes, so that the master has the livery and the servant the habiliments of the master, in which strange guise they are made to appear before the bride. There is originality in the subject of this farce, which is, moreover, smartly written, while it occasionally borders on the broad. It was capitally acted, and took amazingly with the audience.

King Charles the Second was repeated on Tuesday and Thursday, and will be performed again this evening.

OLYMPIC.

It is recorded of the poet Camoens, author of the *Lusiad*, that when in a state of extreme misery he was supported by his slave, a negro boy, whom he had brought from the West Indies, and who earned a pittance by playing music in the streets. By altering the negro boy into a Gitanà girl, the author of a little piece produced on Wednesday night under the title of the *Poet's Slave*, has made the subject more susceptible of dramatic interest. The Gitana has fascinated the King, Don Sebastian, much in the same way as Maritana charms the King of Spain in *Don Caesar de Bazan*. He promises to grant a pardon to any one she may name, on condition that her master, whose name is not revealed, will grant her liberty. The terms of the contract are fulfilled, and Camoens, who is liable to capital punishment as a returned exile, is pardoned; but Don Sebastian, finding the master and slave in love with each other, is magnanimous enough to forego his pretensions, and to take into his favour a poet, who, notwithstanding his lowly condition, is the glory of Portugal. This piece lacks striking situation, but is very prettily written, and produces a pleasing impression, which may in a great measure be attributed to the neatness of the acting. Mrs. Seymour, as the Gitana, displays much mild tenderness; Mr. Conway, as the poet, puts forth a more forcible degree of pathos; and Mr. Belton, an actor whose worth is not sufficiently recognized, plays the King with much ease and gentlemanlike bearing. For the comic relief there is an innkeeper full of extreme terrors at the thought of harbouring a criminal, who is represented with great-humour by Mr. Meadows.

At the fall of the curtain, there was a general call for Mrs. Seymour, who announced the piece for repetition amid loud applause.

Love's Sacrifice, one of Mr. Lovell's earliest and best plays, was revived here on Wednesday night. Its melodramatic situations told exceedingly well, and the characters of the father and the daughter bring out some very powerful acting by Mr. Davenport and Miss Fanny Vining. Mr. James Johnstone, as the villain of the piece, gave a representation of oily hypocrisy which, in its way, could scarcely be surpassed.

EXETER HALL.

(From Pasquin.)

[“The directors of Exeter Hall having objected to the further use of the Hall for the purpose of *Shakespeare Readings*, the series announced by Mr. Nicholls will be given in St. Martin's Hall, Long Acre.”—*Advertisement*.]

Oh, Exeter Hall is a structure rare,
Mighty, yet meek withal,
Its front unassuming, straight, formal, and square,
While within it is spacious, and lofty, and fair:
The large-hearted, cold-visaged men who met there
Well typify Exeter Hall.
Narrow-browed—gloomy—and frowning on all,
A most orthodox building is Exeter Hall.

And good men meet there on the woes to debate
Of suffering human kind,
To abuse, with a Christian-like, orthodox hate,
Those vile outcasts whose creeds from their own deviate,
To curse an old lady (who's drest, as they state,
In scarlet), with fury blind;
Or leaving our own poor in want and in sin,
For the poor anthropophagi kick up a din,
Forgetting where Charity ought to begin,
While Want at our doors we find;
But Wisdom may reason, or Charity call,
For Bigotry governs in Exeter Hall.

Concerts are held there; but concerts are pure—
Music can injure none;
And the good men listen with looks demure,
And they smile, and are pleased, for they feel secure,
So long as they worldly joys abjure,
Laughing, and pleasure, and fun;
Besses may grumble, and tenors may bawl,
For music can't desecrate Exeter Hall.

Oh, the Bard of Avon was England's pride,
Chief in a mighty age;
And his magic pen, as the poet plied,
Nature's own spirit its point would guide,
While virtue and truth ever sanctified
The genius-inspired page;
But the poet is Exeter Hall denied,
He's polluted by the stage;
And the good men hoot, and the good men bawl,
For Shakespeare would desecrate Exeter Hall.

So the Hall's still pure: The good men still meet
Heretics still to curse;
Still storm away, with intolerant heat,
At the lady who has seven hills for her seat,
Still go to concerts by way of a treat;
They're saved from Shakespeare's verse,
Bigots may bellow, and singer's may squall,
But Shakespeare is hooted from Exeter Hall.

PROVINCIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

MUSIC AT MANCHESTER.

(From our own Correspondent.)

The concert reported (by a misprint of the word *took* for *takes*) in your last number but one, as having commenced Halle's Second Series with Ernst, came off as announced on the 21st instant. The following is the programme:—

PART I.—Grand Trio, pianoforte, violin, and violoncello, (in D Minor, Op. 66) Mendelssohn. Song, Mrs. Thomas, “The Chapel,” P. B. Czapek. Sonata, pianoforte and violin, (in F, Op. 24) Beethoven.

PART II.—Quartet, two violins, tenor, and violoncello, (in E flat, No. 10, Op. 74) Beethoven. Song, Mrs. Thomas, “Sono il Silfo,” Caradori Allan. Pensées Fugitives, pianoforte and violin, Romance, Intermezzo, Lied, Heller and Ernst.

Halle's classical concerts have always been of the very highest order; but if they had wanted anything to give the crowning grace or to render them as near perfection as seem to be possible, they

have now, by the coming of Ernst, been rendered complete. We have no hesitation in saying, without fear of contradiction, that there never was a concert given in Manchester before so rare in talent, so excellent in selection of the works performed, or as faultless in execution. Ernst was always highly appreciated here since he first appeared at one of Mr. Peacock's grand concerts, some six years ago, at the Free Trade Hall. And last year he created quite a sensation in the same hall jointly with Hallé in a sonata of Beethoven; consequently, there was no slight degree of interest excited amongst the warm admirers of these kindred spirits, to hear Ernst with Hallé in a moderate-sized room like the one used for these concerts at the Assembly Rooms. When Ernst made his appearance on the slightly-raised platform, he was most warmly greeted by the select yet crowded auditory; and the performance of Mendelssohn's difficult, yet beautiful trio in B minor, was listened to with most intense interest, a burst of rapturous applause at the termination of each movement giving vent to the pent-up feelings of delight and wonder held in thrall during the performance. Anything more exquisite than this was we cannot imagine, or even desire—it was perfect. Ernst and his instrument were in the happiest vein; he played with energy and spirit, as though he felt he had an audience before him who could enjoy the beauties of Mendelssohn's wonderful work, and as though he knew he had in his two countrymen, Hallé and Lidel, co-adjutors on whom he could depend on playing up to and with him in giving effect to the performance, and, last, as though he himself not only felt all the beauties and had mastered all the difficulties, but thoroughly enjoyed and relished playing such music. In the highest stops there was the greatest purity and singing quality of tone imaginable, added to which there was that nervous sympathetic quality which gives to Ernst's violin playing its peculiar charm. Lidel and Hallé were evidently excited and on their mettle, and a most brilliant ensemble was the result. The scherzo (molto allegro quasi presto) is a most extraordinary movement—one that can only be safely placed in such hands as on this occasion—it is so grotesque and bizarre, difficult yet beautiful. The applause at its close was most enthusiastic, and was repeated until the three exccutants had once more to go through this most fantastic scherzo. The finale was no less a display of the like character, only more impassioned, and Ernst must have felt that his first reception in Manchester at a Chamber Concert had been most cordial and enthusiastic. There is something in his personal appearance which immediately strikes you, that in Ernst a master mind is before you; his high intellectual forehead, and grave, thoughtful, ever pensive cast of countenance; his dark hair; his expressive eyes, which seem to emit sparks of fire when he is warmed with his subject; his slight, yet well knit, frame, and easy dignified deportment, all bespeak a man of no ordinary mould; and to hear him in classical music at a concert like this at once raises him to the very highest rank of living violinists. His next effort was with his able assistant Hallé, in Beethoven's sonata in F. What fit intelligences to give expression to Beethoven's wonderful inspirations! What perfection of execution! We cannot describe it. You sometimes have had talent as great in such works in London, but here we should say never until now. We cannot make a selection of any one movement where all was so perfect, and powers of pen, and intellect too, more than we pretend too, are required to describe Beethoven's sonatas. The applause as the talented pair—worthy of each other—left the platform was again most enthusiastic. The second part opened with a stringed quartet, the first ever given at Hallé's concerts (Beethoven's, in E flat, No. 10). Here we had Ernst in, to us, a new character, as leader of a quartet. Mr. Seymour also in a new part, as second, MM. Baetens and Herr Lidel being the tenor and violoncello respectively. It was the most complete quartet, the most equal in all its parts, we ever yet heard. We could scarcely think more highly of Ernst than we did before, yet were we surprised, and delighted too, to hear how well so great and eminent a solo violinist could mix, and blend, and subdue his instrument, as one may say, into harmony and brotherhood with the rest, without being at all too prominent, as might so naturally be looked for or expected. Seymour was, indeed, and most truly, a “competent second violin,” which is no slight praise where Ernst is first. He raised himself in our estimation, as also did Baetens and Lidel, by the performance of this quartet. Lidel was first rate,

and Baetens' tone more oily and unctuous—that richness so desirable in a quartet. Again, we cannot make selections where all is so good, and describing Beethoven is beyond us. The third movement, "Adagio ma non troppo," was, perhaps, the most remarkable for the refinement and delicacy of the four strings, *pianissimo*; but how little idea does this give of the delight which kept the whole audience listening with "bated breath!" The last appearance of Ernst was once more with Hallé, in some elegant bagatelles by Heller and Ernst—a romance, intermezzo, and lied—and most exquisite "fugitive thoughts" they all three were. A regular storm of applause both preceded and followed this last of intellectual banquets, and thus ended Ernst's first concert (in Classical Chamber Music) in Manchester. It is said the "appetite grows by that it feeds on," and in our growing love for the classical we shall be inclined to eschew and have little relish for solo performances (written for—and calculated merely for—individual display) in future.

It is stated that Ernst did but arrive in Manchester three hours before the concert commenced. If so, the merit of all concerned is greatly enhanced, when, with so small a space of time for rehearsal, the three grand desiderata in these performances was exhibited so remarkably,—*viz.*, delicacy, precision, and refinement. Mrs. Thomas was the vocalist on the occasion, and she showed great taste in the choice of her songs: one called "The Chapel," in the modern German or Schubert style, by Czapek (otherwise J. L. Hatton), the other a pretty Italian song by Madame Caradori, in both which she acquitted herself very creditably. We are sorry to learn that the Assembly Rooms are likely to be sold, and most probably (like two of the chapels formerly in the same street) converted into warehouses! It will be a great pity for Mr. Hallé to be moved out of so desirable a "chamber" for his unique and unrivalled concerts. It appears to us to possess those just proportions so favourable to acoustics. We do not know the exact dimensions, but, at a guess, should say about 72 feet long by 40 wide, and 24 feet high,—at any rate, these are about the proportions; and we never heard chamber music to such advantage in any other public room in Manchester. The next concert, we see, is fixed for the 7th of March.—We still hear occasionally of murmurs and discontent amongst the Concert Hall orchestra at the recent changes and additions, and so many Germans and other foreigners being introduced into it. We trust, however, these rumours are magnified, and that the new conductor will not, at the outset of his labours, have to preside over disunited forces, but that, from the eminent talent evinced by the artists lately imported (as shown at these chamber concerts), they will take the position such talent entitles them to, and that the old members will be induced to work harmoniously with them. From the well-known taste of M. Hallé, and his feeling for art—in the highest significance of the term—we are led to hope that he will not only do credit to his recent appointment as conductor, but acquit himself successfully in his difficult and somewhat ungracious task of re-modelling the Concert Hall orchestra, so as to raise its already high character without doing injury or injustice to any of its old members. We hope it will now rank second to none in this country, except the Philharmonic or Opera bands—which must always retain their pre-eminence, not only from the numerical force, but from the fact of so many of their individual members being professors of the highest attainments on their respective instruments. Imperfect as the Concert Hall band confessedly has hitherto been, it has frequently been admitted by Sir George Smart, Sir H. Bishop, Benedict, and others, to be the first in the provinces.

MUSIC AND THE DRAMA IN LIVERPOOL.

(From our own Correspondent.)

I much regret to inform you that Herr Ernst and Hallé's Chamber Concerts are for the present withdrawn. At the first, which took place at the Royal Assembly Rooms on Friday night, there were not present sufficient people to pay for the expenses. The principal cause of this was, I think, the high prices. If the charge for admission had been more moderate I am certain the speculation would have been in every way successful. You may retort that we have given a guinea here to hear Jenny Lind. True—but that was

under the influence of an excitement of which there has never been a precedent and to which there will probably never be a parallel. Ernst is certainly as great in his peculiar walk as Jenny Lind, but he has not been half so much puffed; in addition to which the "Swedish Nightingale" did not, like Ernst and Hallé, appeal exclusively to the lovers of classical music. But it is no use attempting to give an excuse for my townsmen. They did not go to hear Ernst and Hallé. They lost a treat which has never previously been offered them. The programme of the performance was as follows;—

PART I.—Grand trio, pianoforte, violin, and violoncello, (in C minor Op. 66,) Mendelssohn. Song, "The first violet," Mendelssohn. Sonata, pianoforte and violin (dedicated to Kreutzer), in A minor, Op. 47, Beethoven.

PART II.—Quartet, two violins, tenor, and violoncello (in E flat, No. 10, Op. 74), Beethoven. Song, "The red rose," Fesca. Pensées fugitives, pianoforte and violin (Romance, Intermezzo, Lied), Stephen Heller and Ernst.

Executants:—Pianoforte, Mr. Charles Hallé; violin, Herr Ernst; second violin, Mr. Seymour; tenor, M. Baetens; violoncello, Herr Lidel.

A cotemporary local paper, the *Albion*, in commenting on the performance, makes the following just and forcible remarks:—"The above programme was presented on Friday evening last, at the Assembly Rooms, Great George Street, before the smallest audience we ever remember to have seen within those walls. Dictation to the public as to whether they shall or shall not attend a particular place or performance is out of the question; but, at the same time, we do not think we shall be stepping out of our province in saying, that it is seriously to be regretted that executants of so acknowledged and universal celebrity should have been treated with marked neglect in a town which ought to be second to none in the liberal fostering of musical art. And should the high price of admission be urged as the reason for the attendance being so small, we answer, that, on occasions when an eminent vocalist has been announced, the public of Liverpool have not hesitated to pay for a single admission the entire price of Herr Ernst's three concerts. We feel that a stigma has been cast on the musical character of the town. We state, on authority, that the two concerts advertised to take place are withdrawn; but we earnestly hope that the thirty-eight people who were present on Friday evening may not have heard Herr Ernst for the last time in Liverpool. They will, at any rate, agree with us that so admirable and perfect a musical performance has never before been heard in this town."

What a difference between Liverpool and Manchester! At the last-named town the vogue of Hallé's chamber concerts is so great that it is a positive favour to be permitted to purchase a ticket. high as is the price of admission. It is not because Manchester is a richer place than Liverpool, but that the Manchester people are really musical, and the Liverpool people are not.

Macready has left us positively for the last time, and we are never to see his artistic performances again. We have to console ourselves with a Mr. Barry Sullivan, who is at present acting at our Theatre Royal, and upon whose shoulders some of our local critics will have it that the mantle of the eminent tragedian has fallen. I have frequently spoken highly of him in my communications to your pages, and I think that he is certainly one of the most "rising" tragedians of the day. He has a good voice, is a scholar and an original actor, and only wants more physical power. He created a great sensation here when he played Othello to Macready's Iago. He is at present studying hard in the provinces, having refused many offers from metropolitan managers. His time is not yet come to tempt the ordeal of a London tribunal. A local contemporary speaks in high terms of his Hamlet, one of his most finished performances decidedly.

To-morrow night Mark Lemon's new play of *Hearts are Trumps* will be produced for the first time in Liverpool.

The Philharmonic Society announces a concert next Monday, at which Mendelssohn's *Elijah* will be given, it is hoped with good effect, the band having been greatly increased, and the following vocalists being engaged: the Misses Williams, Miss Stott, and Miss Parsons; Messrs. Lockey, Sandys, Wait, Armstrong, and Herr Carl Formes. The third concert (which will be chiefly instrumental) takes place on the 9th of April. For this concert a new musical "prodigy" is engaged, of whom we have a full account in the *Liverpool Journal*.

I am glad to inform you that we are to have Mr. Mitchell's opera company here at our Theatre Royal shortly, as they are engaged to perform in the *Domino Noir*, *Diamans de la Couronne*, and *Fra Diavolo*. The delightful Mdle. Charton, whose exquisite singing here, a week or two since, created so great a *fièvre*, is of course to be the *prima donna*, but the tenor is not named. I hope it will be Chollet or Coudere. The affair is sure to be successful if well managed, and the success that the company have met with in London is a guarantee for their triumph. As I have already said, we have had all sorts of operas—good, bad, and indifferent, but never the *Opera Comique*. If all that you and your contemporaries say be true, we have a treat in store of the most piquant and delightful character.

J. H. N.

DRAMA AT PLYMOUTH.

(From our Correspondent.)

ON Monday evening last, the performances were for the benefit of Mr. Newcombe, and under the patronage of the Earl and Countess of Morley. The benefit of our popular manager would have been quite sufficient to have filled the house without the additional attraction of such high patronage to add to the overflow. The theatre presented a brilliant display. The military and naval authorities with their officers gave a striking effect to the dress boxes. The pieces were *Trevelyan*, *Brother Ben*, with *This House to be Sold*. I must particularize Mr. J. F. Young with Mrs. Dyas in the first piece. The former is an actor of more than common ability; and the latter in pathetic scenes is always successful. Mrs. Garthwaite, as Mrs. Langford, displayed considerable dramatic intention, and altogether the piece went off well. Mr. Newcombe, who played *Brother Ben*, was on his *entrée*, received in a manner which must have been most pleasing to him, and played with his usual spirit throughout, keeping the audience in roars of laughter until the fall of the curtain, when he was unanimously called for. *This House to be Sold* was capitally played, especially the character of Mr. Chaterton Chopkins, by Mr. Miles, who displayed good comic ability; and to judge from the applause he received, gave entire satisfaction.

T. E. B.

TO CARLOTTA GRISI.

SHE comes—the spirit of the dance!
And but for those large, eloquent eyes,
Where passion speaks in every glance,
She'd seem a wanderer from the skies.

So light that, gazing breathless there,
Lest the celestial dream should go,
You'd think the music in the air
Waved the fair vision to and fro!

Or that the melody's sweet flow
Within the radiant creature play'd,
And those soft wreathing arms of snow
And white sylph feet the music made.

Now gliding slow with dreamy grace,
Her eyes beneath their lashes lost;
Now motionless, with lifted face,
And small hands on her bosom cross'd.

And now with flashing eyes she springs,
Her whole bright figure raised in air,
As if her soul had spread its wings
And poised her one wild instant there!

She spoke not: but so richly fraught
With language are her glance and smile,
That, when the curtain fell, I thought
She had been talking all the while.

F. S. O.

* We have inserted the article from the *Liverpool Journal* in our first page.—Ed. M. W.

THE FAIRY LADY OF CALDERON.

THE *Fairy Lady* is a drama full of life, spirit, and ingenuity. Its scene is laid on the day of the baptism of Prince Balthazar, heir-apparent of Philip the Fourth, which, as we know, occurred on the 4th of November, 1629; and the piece itself was, therefore, probably written and acted soon afterwards. If we may judge by the number of times Calderon complacently refers to it, we cannot doubt that it was a favourite with him; and if we judge by its intrinsic merits, we may be sure it was a favourite with the public.

Donna Angela, the heroine of the intrigue, a widow, young, beautiful, and rich, lives at Madrid, in the house of her two brothers; but from circumstances connected with her affairs, her life there is so retired, that nothing is known of it abroad. Don Manuel, a friend, arrives in the city to visit one of these brothers; and as he approaches the house, a lady strictly veiled stops him in the street, and conjures him, if he be a cavalier of honour, to prevent her from being further pursued by a gentleman already close behind. This lady is Donna Angela, and the gentleman is her brother, Don Luis, who is pursuing her only because he observes that she carefully conceals herself from him. The two cavaliers not being acquainted with each other—for Don Manuel had come to visit the other brother—a dispute is easily excited, and a duel follows, which is interrupted by the arrival of the other brother, and an explanation of his friendship for Don Manuel.

Don Manuel is now brought home, and established in the house of the two cavaliers, with all the courtesy due to a distinguished guest. His apartments, however, are connected with those of Donna Angela by a secret door, known only to herself and her confidential maid; and finding she is thus unexpectedly brought near a person who has risked his life to save her, she determines to put herself into a mysterious communication with him.

But Donna Angela is young and thoughtless. When she enters the stranger's apartment, she is tempted to be mischievous, and leaves behind marks of her wild humour that are not to be mistaken. The servant of Don Manuel thinks it is an evil spirit, or at best a fairy, that plays such fantastic tricks; disturbing the private papers of his master, leaving notes on his table, throwing the furniture of the room into confusion, and—from an accident—once jostling its occupants in the dark. At last, the master himself is confounded; and though he once catches a glimpse of the mischievous lady, as she escapes to her own part of the house, he knows not what to make of the apparition. He says:—

'She glided like a spirit, and her light
Did all fantastic seem. But still her form
Was human; I touched and felt its substance,
And she had mortal fears, and woman-like,
Shrunk back again with native modesty.
At last, like an illusion, all dissolved,
And, like a phantasm, melted quite away.
If then, to my conjectures I give rein,
By heaven above, I neither know nor guess
What I must doubt or what I may believe.'

But the tricky lady, who has fairly frolicked herself in love with the handsome young cavalier, is tempted too far by her brilliant successes, and being at last detected in the presence of her astonished brothers, the intrigue, which is one of the most complicated and gay to be found on any theatre, ends with an explanation of her fairy humours and her marriage with Don Manuel.

CHURCH MUSIC.

(To the Editor of the Musical World.)

SIR,—May I, through the columns of your valuable paper, address a few words to the public, and especially to those who have influence in such matters, on the subject of church music?

The neglect and indifference so long exhibited to this most important part of public worship, have produced evils which call for vigorous efforts to redress those abuses which now cause our church music to disgrace the very name of harmony.

Our clergy, as well as the laity, should interest themselves in this work. Music should be made a branch of instruction in our theological seminaries, in order that the graduates may be qualified to superintend the choirs of the churches wherein they are to officiate, that our temples may not be desecrated, as they too often are, by music which is anything rather than devotional. Thus the selection will not be left to the professional singers who form the choirs; the province of the choristers being but to lead, not to perform alone, the musical portion of the congregation.

The love of music is one of those strange, universal sympathies that in every degree of civilisation, in every phase of human life, intimate the immortality of the soul; it can touch hearts insensible to all other influences; it can cause the eyes to fill with tears, and wake in the soul unutterable visions of purity and holiness, of light and life, ardent longings for that freedom which shall be hereafter. Why should so powerful an agent be neglected in our churches?

From the earliest days of public religious worship, music has invariably formed an integral part thereof, and has been considered one of the highest, holiest exercises. The days of the Jewish dispensation bear abundant testimony to this fact, which also gives rise to many of the most sublime invocations to be found in the prophetic writings: "Sing, O ye heavens, and give ear, O earth;" "Break forth into singing, ye uttermost parts of the earth;" "Sing unto the Lord with gladness, and come before his presence with a song." Every mind can supply innumerable instances, did the fact require proof. Is this great duty and privilege to be forgotten in "these latter days" of our more blessed covenant?

Neither let any say, "It is not necessary for me to waste my time about it." The greatest and best of the human race have left enduring monuments of the high estimation in which this exercise should be held. Moses and Miriam, the sweet Psalmist of Israel, Isaiah, and the prophets of old time, have given utterance to the inspiration of the Holy Spirit in strains of immortal melody. Even the blessed spirits in heaven "cast their crowns before the throne," and "sing a new song" to "Him that sitteth thereon." Shall we refuse to join in the holy strain, or shall we, whose most strenuous efforts are so feeble, consider "any thing" good enough to echo back the eternal hymns that resound through the courts of heaven.

"Arise! sing! for the year of my redeemed is come, saith the Lord." Awake, priests and people, take away the reproach; let music resume its appointed place, its high prerogative in the sanctuary; as the wings of the prayer let it rise upward from the lips of the congregation, and devotion shall be quickened, hearts that the words of man have reached shall bow beneath the works of inspired truth uttered by many voices, and the dark spirits that infest and trouble the souls of men shall flee before the harp of David as in the days of old.

New York, Jan. 26th, 1850.

L. A. S.

SIGNOR MONTELLI has been in London for a few days, but has since left to fulfil a Continental engagement.

MISCELLANEOUS.

MR. MACREADY.—The provincial engagements of the great tragedian have met with a sudden interruption in consequence of the death of his eldest and favorite daughter, who expired this week at Hastings. Mr. Macready was on his way to Newcastle, to fulfil his last engagements there, when he was stopped by the melancholy information, dispatched by electric telegraph, of his daughter's death.

LONDON WEDNESDAY CONCERTS.—We are compelled, from an unusual press of matter, to confine our notice of the nineteenth concert to a very few words. Ernst played twice—his fantasia on *Ludovic*, and a new one on an *Air Hollandais*. He was in great play, and was encored in both. For the latter he substituted the *Carnaval*. Thalberg also played twice, and was twice encored. A selection from Meyerbeer's *Prophete* was the feature of the vocal department. A clever new song by Mr. Anschuetz, the conductor, with a horn *obligato*, was finely sung by Formes, and the horn accompaniment, beautifully executed by Jarrett, had its share in obtaining the encore. The grand orchestral performance of the evening, was Beethoven's first symphony in C, which was given by the band, under Mr. Anschuetz, with the same excellence we had occasion to remark in the G minor of Mozart at the preceding concert. The vocalists were Mr. Sims Reeves, who made the usual sensation in several songs and other well known favourites of the Wednesday Concerts.

SACRED HARMONIC SOCIETY.—Haydn's *Creation* is to be repeated on Friday next, the 8th inst., when Herr Formes, who has recovered from his late indisposition, will sustain the principal bass part—Miss Birch and Mr. Sims Reeves singing the soprano and tenor.

MADLLE, COTTI.—This agreeable and intelligent *artiste*, who has been so favorably noticed at Mr. Mitchell's *Opera Comique* has been engaged by Mr. Frederick Gye for the Royal Italian Opera. Madlle. Cotti will be found, we are sure, very generally useful.

PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY.—The rehearsal for the first concert (on Monday evening) takes place this morning, in the Hanover Square Rooms. The programme of the concert does not contain a single novelty.

M. SZEPANOWSKI, the celebrated guitarist, who also appeared as violinist at several concerts in London, two seasons ago, has arrived here, after an absence of two years on the Continent, where he has been giving concerts with the greatest success.

MR. W. THOMAS, one of our best violinists, having been appointed leader of the Philharmonic Concerts at Liverpool, will, for the future, reside entirely in that town.

MR. RICHARDSON'S CONCERT.—(From a Correspondent).—Mr. Richardson, evidently anxious that his own brilliancy of execution should not surpass the general effect of his concert given on Tuesday evening, associated with himself a few musical exotics that have survived the winter, reviving our torpid nerves, and anticipating the coming spring, when musical nature will shed forth her varied blossoms from all germs. The concert opened with Beethoven's Grand Symphony (C. No. 1.) which was admirably played by the band, consisting of the most eminent players, led by Tolbecque; the Minuet, as played by the violins, was a neat specimen of concerted skill. Miss M. Williams was encored in a pretty ballad "My childhood's happy home." Miss Birch sang "The Warrior," with a trumpet *obligato* played by Mr. T. Harper. An air from *Paritani* ("Qui la voce") was given by Miss Lucombe, who still improves. Miss Dolby delivered Balfe's song "The hopeful heart should banish care" with great pathos, her distinct enunciation enhancing materially the effect of her lovely voice, and offering a laudable example to aspirants for future excellence. The male vocalists were Sims Reeves, W. H. Seguin, Frank Bodda, and Marras. Mr. Reeves sang a scene from *Ernani*, "Come Rugiade" with immense energy. The instrumental soloists were Sainton, Miss Kate Loder (an able substitute for Madame Dulcken, who was prevented by indisposition from attending), Lazarus, Richardson, Piatti, and Miss M. Collins. M. Sainton executed his airs from *Lucrezia Borgia*, with consummate skill, delighting all with his

beautiful tone and rapid but effective execution. But the great feature of the evening was, of course, Mr. Richardson's solo variations on the "National Russian Hymn," played with the precision and refinement of one who has had few if any rivals on his difficult instrument. The double tonguing on the lower notes was clear and effective, eliciting continued applause from the whole audience. Miss M. Collins played a solo on the concertina with a good deal of cleverness. One of the grand points of execution, during the entire evening, was a M.S. by Bochs, for flute and clarinet, executed to perfection by Messrs. Richardson and Lazarus, accompanied by the orchestra. Another great performance was a fantasia for violoncello and orchestra, clever and effective as a composition, and marvellously played by Piatti, *le roi des violoncellists*; this was, like the former, received with uproarious applause. The band also played Weber's overture to *Oberon*, Beethoven's to *Leonora*, and Mozart's to "*Il Flauto Magico*." Messrs. Benedict and Brinley Richards conducted. In closing this notice, we cannot help praising Mr. Richardson's discrimination in selecting such suitable music for the display of his band, and so much in accordance with the prevailing taste of his numerous patrons. The concert was altogether one of the most interesting we have for a long time attended. The interest felt generally in the accomplished and amiable *beneficiaire*, was enhanced by the excellent musical treat he had provided.

ST. MARTIN'S HALL.—Mr. Willy gave his first orchestral and vocal Concert in the great room of this new building on Monday evening. The attendance, we regret to say, scarcely numbered 300 persons. The symphony in F of Beethoven and the overtures to the *Naiades* and *Athalie* were performed, Mr. Willy leading and Mr. Sterndale Bennett conducting the band. Mr. Blagrove played Spohr's 8th concerto for the violin, and a number of vocal *morceaux* were executed by Miss Lucombe, Mr. Sims Reeves, and other popular singers.

MADAME SONTAG'S second concert in the *Conservatoire* at Paris was even more successful than the first. The vogue of these performances is now so great that tickets for a single concert cannot be purchased. The whole series must be subscribed to or admission is positively denied. The president of the republic and all the *élite* of Paris, noble, diplomatic, and literary, have taken up the gauntlets in the cause of the amiable and accomplished Countess of Rossi.

BEETHOVEN ROOMS.—Mrs. Bennett's concert took place here on Thursday evening. It was given under the most distinguished patronage, the name of His Royal Highness the Duke of Cambridge heading a long list of fashionables. The vocal department was filled by the Misses Messent, Von Milligen, and Julia Shergold, and Mons. Drayton, Signor Marras and Signor Luigi Mei, from the Royal Italian Opera. The instrumentalists were Messrs Sainfon (violin), Rousselot (violoncello) and Bilet (piano), Signor Biletta conducted. The concert went off with *eclat*.

CARLOTTA GRISI.—The great *danseuse* visited Bath on the 28th January, Bristol the 29th, Bath 30th, and Bristol 31st. She performed in both places in the *Pas de Deux* with the *Diable à Quatre*, the *Cracovienne*, the *Truandaise*, the *Pas de la Peri*, the *Manola* the *Syrien*, &c. &c. Mons. Silvain and Mademoiselle James accompanied Carlotta Grisi on her *tournee*.

A GOOD WORD FOR SIMPLE MUSIC.—The perception of pleasure in the equality of sounds is the principle of *Music*. Unpractised ears can appreciate only simple equalities—such as are found in ballad airs. While comparing one simple sound with another, they are too much occupied to be capable of comparing the equality subsisting between these two simple sounds, taken conjointly, and two other simple sounds taken conjointly. Practised ears on the other hand, appreciate both equalities at the same instant—although it is absurd to suppose that both are heard at the same instant. One is heard and appreciated from itself—the other is heard by the memory; and the instant glides into and is confounded with the secondary appreciation. Highly cultivated musical taste in this manner enjoys not only these double equalities, all appreciated at once, but takes pleasurable cognizance, through memory, of equalities, the members of which occur at intervals so great that the uncultivated taste loses them altogether. That this latter can pro-

perly estimate or decide on the merits of what is called scientific music is, of course impossible. But scientific music has no claim to intrinsic excellence—it is fit for scientific ears alone. In its excess it is the triumph of the *physique* over the *morale* of music. The sentiment is overwhelmed by the sense. On the whole, the advocates of the simpler melody and harmony have infinitely the best of the argument;—although there has been very little of real argument on the subject.—*E. A. Poe, Rationale of Verse.*

THALBERG is going shortly to Vienna, where he will remain till May. There was no truth in the report that the great pianist had accepted, or had been offered, the post of conductor at Her Majesty's Theatre.

ERNEST AT KENNINGTON.—At a concert held on Monday last at the Horns Tavern, Ernest was the great attraction. He played his *Otello* and *Carnaval*, was enthusiastically received, and encored in both. In place of the *Otello* he substituted some of his variations from Paganini's "*Nel cor piu*." The grand violinist produced an immense sensation. The first part of the concert was conducted by M. Farquharson Smith, the second by Mr. William Wilson. The rest of the concert was made up of an endless succession of popular songs and duets, by Misses Wells, Mrs. W. Wilson, J. Wells, Thornton, Messrs. Genge, George Ford, Turner, Herr Hermanns, and Mr. Henry Smith, who was encored in one of the extravaganzas of John Parry. The programme was diversified by solos and duets on the concertina, by Mr. A. Sedgewick and his pupil, Mr. Barton, and a solo on Prowse's "*Simplified Boehm Flute*," by Mr. Camus.

THE MELODISTS' CLUB held its second meeting of the season on Thursday, at the Freemason's Tavern. Messrs. Richardson and Lindsay Sloper delighted the company by their brilliant performances on the flute and pianoforte, and songs were effectively sung by Mr. Francis, Mr. Land, and Mr. Machin. There was a larger attendance of members than on the last occasion, and the evening passed off with great *eclat*.

MADLLE GRAUMANN'S MATINEE.—Madlle Graumann gave her *matinée musicale*, at the Beethoven Rooms, Harley Street, on Thursday, to a crowded and fashionable audience. An attractive programme was provided, including the names of Benedict, Molique, Osborne, Piatti, and other eminent artistes, in addition to that of the concert giver. The Hungarian singers opened the concert, and were encored in the "*Serenade Polka*." We then had the pleasure to hear Herr and Madlle. Molique in two very charming romances for violin and piano. In these trifles we find the masterly completeness and true musical interest which are observable in the majority of Molique's compositions. Benedict and Piatti played the first part of Mendelssohn's *duet* in B flat, with their usual fine taste and executive brilliancy. Bricialdi's solo on the flute was much applauded. His tone is remarkable for sweetness, and his execution highly finished. Osborne's "*L'Esperance Notturmo*" was exceedingly well performed, and in his *marche caractéristique* the able pianist gave proof of his ample command of "*tours de force*." The duet for two pianos in the *Huguenots*, played with Benedict, was also a brilliant performance. The delicious tone, astonishing mechanism, and elegant expression of the unrivalled Piatti, met with the success they so eminently merit, in a solo of his own composition. Signor Marchesi sang an air from the *Huguenots*, and disclosed a nice baritone voice. Last, but not least, we have to name the fair concert-giver. It was remarked, she sang pieces in four languages; but in none was she more applauded than in that of her own land. Molique's charming "*Gondoliera*," delightfully warbled, obtained a unanimous encore. Another gem among the vocal pieces was Spohr's lied, "*A bird sat on an alder bough*," with an obligato violoncello part, played to perfection by Signor Piatti. This song deserves to be oftener heard at our concerts. Madlle. Graumann sung it charmingly. The concert, which gave entire satisfaction, terminated about half-past five.

SIGNOR FELICE RONCONI, chorus master of Her Majesty's Theatre, gave the first of a series of three concerts on Wednesday evening, at the Beethoven Rooms, Harley Street. He was assisted by a number of vocalists, among whom were no less than six of his own pupils, all of whom made their first appearance. They were the Misses Noble, Davinci, Leslie, Rooke, and Messrs. Mapleson and

Toulmin. The singing of these youthful candidates for lyric fame reflects much credit on Signor F. Ronconi's teaching. Among the other vocalists were Miss Catherine Hayes, Miss Birch, Miss Durlacher, Signor F. Lablache, &c. &c. Thalberg played twice, and Bricealdi (flautist) played once. The conducting was divided between Signor Bellini, Mr. Maurice Levy, and Signor F. Ronconi.

HERR MOLIQUE.—We inadvertently stated in our last number that the concerts of this eminent composer and violinist were to take place at the St. Martin's Hall, instead of the Hanover Rooms.

GREENWICH (From a Correspondent).—A concert was given here on Thursday evening, the 14th, which attracted a large and fashionable audience, the chief attraction being the performance of the great violinist, Ernst. Sims Reeves was engaged, as was Miss Lucombe, and Madlle. Theresa Wagner. A selection was given from *Lucia*. Ernst played three times, and at each performance the applause was redoubled. The audience were frantic with delight, and could not contain themselves while he was playing. I do not think so great a sensation has been created in Greenwich within the recollection of any one living. I send you these few lines in haste.

LIMERICK.—Miss Catherine Hayes is engaged to perform in operas for two nights at the theatre on the 11th and 12th of March, when she will be assisted by Miss Poole, Mr. Travers, Signor Polonini, and Signor Menghis. The band and chorus will consist of the Dublin orchestra and troupe, under the direction of Mr. Levey. The operas to be performed are *Linda di Chamouni* and *Norma*. After leaving Limerick, Miss Hayes and company will perform in Cork, upon the 14th, 15th, 16th, and 18th of March; and in Waterford, upon the 20th of March.

THE KING OF HANOVER AND JENNY LIND.—Jenny Lind has recently given several concerts in Hanover, one of which was for the benefit of the poor of the city. His Majesty, King Ernst, who was present at one of them, sent the Swedish songstress, we are told, a golden goblet filled with ant's eggs, the food of "nightingales." This may be, and may not be true. If true it was a pretty conceit on the part of old Hanover. If not true, it was a pretty conceit on the part of the penny-a liner. Not true 'twere pity and pity 'twere not true. For our own parts, although we cannot vouch, we fondly believe it to be true. We have a comfortable credulity as makers and borrowers of paragraphs.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

SIGNOR FELICE RONCONI.—A notice of the first concert of this gentleman is unavoidably deferred till next week.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

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To commence at Seven o'clock.

PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY.

THE Subscribers and the Public are respectfully informed the FIRST CONCERT will take place at the Hanover Square Rooms, on Monday, March 4th.

Programme.—Sinfonia (Jupiter).—Mozart. Quartett, No. 1.—Mendelssohn. Messrs Sainton, Blagrove, Hill, and Lucas. Overture, "Les deux Journées,"—Cherubini.

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WEDNESDAY Next, MARCH 6th, will be held the THIRD of the LONDON WEDNESDAY CONCERTS of the Spring Series, when Miss Lucombe, Miss A. Williams, Miss M. Williams, Herr FORMES, M. Thalberg, and Mr. SIMS REEVES will appear.

MR. SIMS REEVES will sing, Aria, "Fra Poco," from *Lucia di Lammermoor*; Irish Melody, "The last rose of summer" (Moore); and (by desire) for the first time this season, BRAHAM's celebrated Scena, "The Death of Nelson." Full particulars will be duly announced.

Tickets, 1s. and 2s.; Reserved Seats, 4s.; Stalls, 7s. May be had of Mr. STAMMERS, 4, Exeter Hall, and of all Music-sellers.

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At the First Concert, on Friday, March 8th, M. BILLET will introduce—

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|---|-----------------|
| 1. Grand Sonata in A flat, Op. 25 | Beethoven. |
| 2. Suite in F, with Fugue, ("Suites des Pièces") | Handel. |
| 3. Grand Sonata in E flat, "The Farewell," Op. 44 | Dussek. |
| Study in E flat | W. S. Bennett. |
| 4. "La Chasse," Etude in E flat | Stephen Heller. |
| Andante and Rondo Capriccio in E | Mendelssohn. |

Tickets, 2s.; Central Seats, 3s.; Reserved Seats, 5s.; Subscription to Reserved Seats for the Series, 10s. 6d.

Further particulars, with full programme, will be immediately announced.

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